

The
Twin Immortalities

0

The
Twin Immortalities
and
Other Poems

By
Charles E. Russell



Chicago
The Hammersmark Publishing Company
1904

AL 3191.3.35
✓

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
MORRIS GRAY FUND

July 12, 1929

W

COPYRIGHT, 1904
BY THE
HAMMERSMARK PUBLISHING COMPANY

TO
ÉMILE LOUBET
PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC
FOREMOST DEMOCRAT OF THESE TIMES

DEDICATION

We saw thee first, O Queen, my France, discrowned,
Foul weeds and nettles matted in thine hair,
With chains, that ate into thine heart, fast bound;
And on that face of thine that is so fair
The heel of him that held thee to the ground.

And all the world made woe for thee: Vile things
That loathe the light and love the throne were proud,
Fouling thy fillets for the sport of kings;
And Freedom, by these harpies scourged and cowed,
Went back to feed with tears her forest springs.

We saw thee next, O Soul, my France, stand free,
And even with the bits of broken chain
Smite to the dust the thing that fettered thee,
And purify with blood and tears the stain
And shine like sunburst on the glooming sea.

And all the air was filled with wings that fled,
With stricken shapes of Force and Fraud that shrank
Before the awful light about thee shed
But struggling men rose up and thirsting drank
Thy word that touched them living from the dead.

We see thee now, O Light, my France, thy shield
Thrust out against the backward bearing throng,
Republic as of old thou wert revealed,
Illumined still, still beautiful, still strong,
Firm of that faith thine own heart's blood had sealed.

Ah, sword, that beat old shackles off, and mace
That crushed the arch-fiend Custom to the dust,
And hand that put the tribune in the place
Of throne and king and insolence and lust,
And tore the mask from Superstition's face,

Shall we not love thee, seeing these were thine?
Great soul, when men forget across the years
That face uplifted in the battle line,
Forgot shall be the sense of smiles or tears,
Forgot the passion and the heart divine.

For these are France while men and worlds may be:
Against old Wrong man may not draw a sword,
Or think in loneliest lands he will be free,
Unless his thought shall seize upon thy word,
His hope and faith and deeds be part of thee.

Earth hath no dark so dark but it shall dream
The morn at hand in thinking of thy sun;
No lingering tyranny but it shall seem
The weaker for the sword that when it won
Thy freedom fired a planet with its gleam.

What lights are thine upon the world's advance!

Thou hast set stars for all—the toiler knows
A promise in the dullest sky's expanse,
The burden-bearer's footstep lighter grows
Because thou wert, and art, thou blood-bought France!

To thee, the very nursling of her breast,
Child of her heart, true son of her sweet soil,
Whose blameless ways in fiercest lights attest
The stern nobility of men that toil,
By whose high worth thy mother land is blest,

Fain would we give some token, say some word,
Of brotherhood in common faith and creed.
What shall be fit for hearts like ours deep stirred
Save hand outstretched to hand, silent indeed,
Yet speaking what the soul alone has heard?

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
DEDICATION	vii
THE TWIN IMMORTALITIES	3
ADAM'S SONS	8
GRAUBÜNDEN	12
VOLKMANN'S SERENADE IN D MINOR	30
HER HIGHNESS	35
DELLA BELLA SIMONETTA	38
A MAN	46
THE WRECK	48
WITH A VOLUME OF SWINBURNE	50
PEGLI	51
MARY MAGDALEN	63
THE EMPTY WAYS	67
RUBINSTEIN'S ROMANCE IN E FLAT	68
CORONATION ODE	70
SONGS FOR BARBARA	74
AT TWILIGHT	82
AUGUST SUNLIGHT	87
A BALLADE OF BLUE THINGS	89
LATE SUMMER IN THE NORTHLAND	91
IN A SINGLE GIG	93
MY DOROTHY	96
SEPTEMBER PASSES	98
OCTOBER COMES	100
CHATTERTON	101
THE WRESTLER	103
THE DANCE OF YOUTH	105
MEDITERRANEAN MEMORIES	107
TO THEODORE THOMAS	109
SUNSET	111
ON THE HILL AT PEGLI	112
THE OLD CASTLE AT SION	113
AT KANDERSTEG	114
FIRE ISLAND SANDS	115
DANCE OF THE AUTUMN LEAVES	117
ON A SOUTH DAKOTA FARM IN MARCH	119
Notes	125

The
Twin Immortalities

The Twin Immortalities

Lean down from heaven, O soul divine,
And ere the starry night in sunrise wane
On that translucent lyre of thine
Sound yet one heavenlier strain.
For when we transient mortals hear
Thy rich chords ringing
The spirit on wide pinions winging
Soars up from sphere to sphere.
Then sinks the earth and all its dull desires ;
Then man, touched by the archangel's rod,
Made pure in bright celestial fires,
Holds converse with a god ;
And leaf by leaf unfolded sees
The rose heart of ethereal mysteries.

Aye, then from its strait bonds of sense
Set free, the disentrained spirit goes
With eager eyes and heart-strings tense
Where new world-lights disclose
The crystal paths of stars and suns,
Illumined oceans,
And where in its melodic motions
An unknown planet runs ;

4 THE TWIN IMMORTALITIES

Immeasurable mountains piled of light
And vast and roseate halls of morn,
And brother spirits not less bright
On gleaming pinions borne
Beyond long lakes of shimmering blue
Marged with the flowers the faint earth never knew.

There pain is not, nor that dull ache
That clogs the heart around with boding care.
There, rapt, the souls enfranchised wake
To breaths of balmier air
And lovelier life, and dreams come true.
Then dim and dimmer
The fading life-lights shift and glimmer—
All, all, but this, this new
Or old, this seeming that the truth may be.
For when in clouds the spirit sails
Blue shadows on that lustrous sea,
Or walks those odorous vales,
Somewhere beneath the jeweled dome
With one full sigh of ease it senses home.

There dwell forever now the souls
Whose strains remembered bring the stars to earth.
There mighty Bach by Milton strolls ;
Made one by springtime's mirth
Bartholdi walks by Suckling's side ;
Great-browed and pondering,
Or in vision after vision wandering,
Brahms seeks the ways untried.

Schumann and Shelley through the sunniest lands
 Or past deep hills hold thoughtful pace ;
 Beethoven close by Hugo stands
 With solemn tender face ;
 And kindly like the sun in fall
 The splendid light of Shakespeare shines on all.

There is no death : men come and go,
 And with their little fruitage wax and wane ;
 But till the final sunset glow
 On the last mountain fane,
 Till burnt and bleak the sweet fields lie,
 And Time dissever
 All light from life on earth forever,
 These voices in the sky
 Shall sunlight be and starlight ! Ah, no death !
 Not bitter change nor slow decay
 Hath power to chill the summery breath
 Of their eternal day,
 Or make man's soul so dull and dim
 It starts not upwards when they whisper him.

No death ! Her crown of fadeless leaves,
 White flowers of faith, clear blooms of life and love,
 The soul of music interweaves
 With notes of lark and dove.
 Who on his brow her laurel bears
 Hath life immortal.
 Hark, how upswells from a pillared portal
 That carved acanthus wears

6 THE TWIN IMMORTALITIES

The solemn chorus of the vibrant song
That touched to life the deeds of kings,
And through the centuries borne along
On broad candescent wings
Beats like that sea of grief and joy
That broke about the battlements of Troy.

There the great Russian bares his heart,
Fulfilled with all hearts know of dark and light,
And there with brooding eyes, apart,
The prophet to whose sight
Were shown the sombre springs of woe,
The hollow mountain,
The soul asleep in the fiery fountain,
The grim Fates gathering slow ;
Who saw the storm-tossed lovers struggling sore
In cloud and darkness, love and gloom,
Great seas that hurled life-wrecks ashore,
And gods in twilight doom ;
Who reigns with thunders ringed around
Amid sheer lightnings of supernal sound !

Lean down, O soul, and to our ears
In choral of the wind or pipe of bird
Bring back the music of old years,
The weft of note and word.
For all is thine : whether it be
Of sweet dawn coming,
Storm's prelude in the great elms humming,
Or sobbing of the sea.

THE TWIN IMMORTALITIES 7

As thine the light ineffable, and gleam
Of unimagined stellar spaces
On singer's lips and poet's dream,
And thine the illumined faces
Transfigured by thy sacred fire
Uplifted in the everlasting quire !

Adam's Sons

Give me your hand, my brother : you and I,
Two waifs sent wandering here we know not why,
 Where days are dark and winds blow through
 and through,
 Have need each of the other.
Poor fools ! we know not much,—if we but knew
 The secret singing of the earth, our mother,
And whence the rose, and whither, we should see
How I am part of you and you of me.
 We only know we stumble more alone
Here where the suns too feeble and too few
 On us have shone.

We must have sorrow, brother, you and I.
You know how flowers fade and sweet songs die;
 You have known parting and the burning pain
 That catches at the heart.
 You see how we must struggle on, we twain,
Hiding our hurts and smiling when they smart,
 So blown upon by all the winds of chance,
 So clouded in the mists of circumstance,
Fain of one hope held hard against the breast,
 Fain of a little love and light, most fain,
 Down here, of rest.

If I should say, my brother, you and I
Are of two molds, why, look you, I should lie.
 Not wit nor will shall break, O brother mine,
 The bond of common clay.
Two transitory leaves of earth's old vine,
 How shall one summon hardihood to say
He higher hangs above this lump of soil?
Nay, be we white, or grimed with sin or toil,
 If I be stained or fallen, brother, lo,
Something within you whispers, still and fine,
 I know, I know!

We have scant light to lead us, you and I;
The scattered stars that glimmer in our sky
 Show naught, and we must make our little way
 From utter dark to dark
Borne down by burdens. Not a soul may say
 Here runs the road, or here, or by this mark.
Though one be sure, my brother, he hath found
Footing secure, and firm unyielding ground,
 He dreameth; cloud and storm and pelting
 rain —
And nothing but the desert blank and grey
 For him again!

You go astray, my brother. So do I.
For in this pathway we must tread there lie
 So many pitfalls and such cunning snares
 And winding ways apart
There is no wandering soul of us but wears
 Old bruises or sharp scars about his heart.

Yea, he shall wear them still though none may guess,
The fang and thorn-marks of the wilderness,
 And bleeding hands from where the ways are
 steep.

Who then shall scorn us, brother? Look! he bears
 A brand as deep!

Yet have we joy together, you and I:
We have this glimpse of field and flower and sky,
 And tender clinging touch of children's hands,
 And love, the one sure star.

Yea, trustful love that lightens lonely lands,
 Yea, love that singeth like a lark afar.
What boon of striving? Nay, think what you will,
For all our thinkings we are brothers still:
 One earth, one blood, one birth, one lord, the
 sun,

By tropic wastes or silent Northern strands,
 Still bind us one.

Caught in the tumbrel even as you and I,
Swift driven down the dreary road to die,
 Two strangers flung together by blind chance
 Stood in the blood-red times
 When, started from her slothful ease, my
 France

Took payment for a century of crimes.
 They looked into each other's eyes. No word
 On either's drawn and bloodless lip was heard,

But hand enfolded hand, and for a space
The sun through broken clouds touched with
its lance
Each smiling face.

We have one goal together, you and I :
We hear one echo of a wailing cry
Incessant raised by sundered soul from soul
Left lonely here as we.
And if a land beyond the clouds that roll
Or only sleep and dreamless dust there be
We know not, O my brother ! But the dark
Lightens a little with this only spark
That with clasped hands and hearts we go as one
When through the dusk we hear the dim bell
toll
The day is done.

Graubünden

SONATA

- I. *Andante cantabile — allegro risoluto.*
- II. *Adagio.*
- III. *Allegro con brio.*
- IV. *Rondo.*

I

Andante Cantabile

Grey, and sombre green, and gloom and cloud,
And up dark hills the dreary shadows drifting;
Hate and fear and care a heavy shroud,
And dawn and dark one dismal pall uplifting.
Day a figure of an old man bowed
And night a fleshless shape of terror stalking;
Heavy hearts wherein the soul was cowed,
And famine in the barren highways walking;
Sky and earth and air one even grey,
For light was not, nor cheer nor hope might be
Here where the loveliest land in shadow lay
And knew not liberty.

Allegro Risoluto

For without her there is no sun; without her the
stars
And the sailing moon hang dark, and the banded
bars

Are dull in the West, and the ways beneath lie cold.
Without her the pipe of the March-spiced wind has
 no tune,
The wheat has no gold nor glint in the summer
 noon,
There is no scent to the dew in a dawn of June,
 And the earth swings wrinkled and old.

Without her who cares how the first tender chestnut
 bud spreads?
Who cares how Autumn goes weaving her yellows
 and reds?
No smile but hers from the brooding blue can look
 back,
No light but hers on the summits steeped with
 snow,
No fire can make the cottage windows glow,
No hope shall fashion the iris-tinted bow
 On the faded storm-cloud's track.

Without her the rose has no bloom, the stream has
 no song,
The cloud has no sleeving of gold as it drifts along,
The swing of the bell is not sweet where the honey-
 bird feeds,
There is no joy when spring starts up in the brakes,
Nor lisp of murmuring leaves when the dawn awakes,
The ripples ring nothing of rhymes by the shores
 of lakes,
 The winds say naught in the reeds.

And how shall man reach her or win her save by his
might?
With what but his sword shall he rise to scatter his
night?
Lo, here he stood forth, and it shone like a fire in
his hands,
Like the fire in his eyes was the sword that his strength
had made,
And a blinding flash of strange lightnings about it
played,
And a flame sprang up and burned from the sweep
of that blade,
A deathless light in all lands.

Lo, here he stood forth. He had bowed his back
to the load,
He had known the scorn of his lords, their whip
and their goad.
Year after year he had been for their use and their
mirth,
Misshapen and monstrous, a thing to serve and to
moil,
Man that was framed for his fate and born to this toil,
Man that was soulless and senseless, akin to the soil,
Man that but crawled on the earth.

Lo, here he stood forth, this thing with the links on
his wrist,
With the hate flaming up in his eyes and a torch in
his fist;

And all the years of his wrongs were summed in
one night,
And ever before him moved in the fierce yellow
flame
The figures of maidens undone and sires brought
to shame,
And Force with its shapes of old sorrows and deeds
without name,
And sins that red blood must wash white.

In the depths of the dark he had served and spawned
all these years;
In the old worn ways he had tasted the salt of his
tears;
He had served and spawned and been silent — what
was he
That his heart should heave for her and his eyes
take fire,
His hand go clenched and clutching, this thing of
the mire,
Trembling and mad with the music of wild desire,
At the whisper of liberty?

They were wont to strike him once, those lords of
the land,
They made their mirth of his might and his great
hardened hand;
There was no mirth of that night in the eyes that
met
The wild fierce eyes of the slave awake and unchained

And saw the fingers tense on the sword-hilt strained,
The savage faces with blood and black firebrands
 stained,
And the close hard mouths, stern set.

For thy darkness thou shalt have light, he had some-
 time heard,
And light he would have, he had pondered well of
 that word ;
And light he had found — yea, light and more light ;
 all the streams
Were rose with the red of it, rose and sheer gold as
 they flowed,
And the groves blazed bright with the gleams where
 it fluttered and glowed,
High on the red waving wings of the fire it rode,
 Light he had seen in his dreams.

Now, by the sheen of those wings and their wild rest-
 less waving,
Here he stood forth that none had deemed worth
 the saving.
For every blow he had borne, for the tears he had
 shed,
For every drop of his blood, for the long sunless
 day,
For the hearts and the backs bowed down and the
 hopes grown grey,
Here he stood forth with hand upraised for his pay,
 And, look you, the coin was red !

Yea, in a coin the color of blood and of fire
He took from his lords the debt long due of his hire.
They had shown him the way of the sword and the
 gospel of blows,
They had hardened his hands for this and broadened
 his back,
That with blood of their own their thresholds and
 hearths should be black ;
They had robbed him these years to teach him of
 pillage and sack
 Ripe to his hand when he rose.

Ah ! fire, the best of all gifts of the gods to men,
When showed it so sweet or so kindly and clear as
 then ?

The flames that made day all the sombre castle slope
Were as altar fires that her own sweet hand had fed.
She, the eternal, glorious in gold and red,
Beautiful, baleful, with splendor about her shed,
 Our well-loved lady of hope.

Aye, Liberty ! Hers was the work, the torch, the
 flame,
The fire that blotted the record of dull old shame,
The hands that tore the slave and his fetters apart,
The sword that smote and severed, the voice that
 cried,
The pike that stone from stone of the castle pried,
And the shouts that surged and sang while tyranny
 died
 Our lady of dauntless heart.

And as dark from the sun the gloom fled forth of
the land,
And as dawn from the sea the light led forth by
that band;
The birds sang loud for the long dull night that
was flown,
The winds piped free and the flowers all the hills
overran,
The stars had new songs in the depths of the great
solemn span
For the sake of man that was free, man that was man,
When Liberty came to her own.

For without her there is no sun. Without her the
stars
And the sailing moon hang dark and the long bright
bars*
Are dull in the west, and the ways beneath lie cold.
Without her the whistle of March-spiced winds has
no tune,
The wheat has no gold nor glint in the summer
noon,
There is no scent to the dew in a dawn of June,
And the earth swings weary and old.

II

Adagio.

Winds that waft the dead sprays in and out,
Winds before whose breath the faint stars shiver,
Coldly glimpsed through wild clouds blown about,
Now when leaves float brown upon the river,
Shorn and shot by bolts from out thy quiver,
Tell me in what dust thy wrath has blown
Up and down the weary earth forever
Any name or fame of theirs is known.

Any name of them whose light of life,
Dim and sorrowful and oftentimes failing,
Flashed to flame in one wild whirl of strife,
In whose eyes the old oppression, quailing,
Saw a fire all fires of heaven paling;
Flashed and perished as these souls that smote,
With one hand a battered bludgeon trailing,
One still twisted in a foeman's throat!

Reaped are all their fields; for them no care
Harvest hath nor any time of mowing;
Winds are naught to them although they bear
Scents and savors of all green things growing,
Hints of hazel-buds and bluebells blowing.
Years on years have grown upon their rest,
Change hath plucked the fruits of all their
sowing,
Earth forgot their place within her breast.

Force they struck at: Force the eldest snake,
Force that winds and works, through change
eternal.

Lo! shall any blows or bloodshed make
Weak his wiles or sap his might infernal?
For these beauties of the birth-time vernal
Will ye think the Winter scotched or slain?
Not the arrows of the god diurnal
Stay one hour his course to come again.

Wind that blows the wasted leaves about,
Wind that makes the bare boughs shake and
shiver,
Wind that curls the ripples in and out,
Icy breathing on the troubled river,
Is a shaft long spent from thine old quiver
Emptier than the deeds where men make stand
Face to face with Force that lives forever,
Force whose wings stretch dark from land to land!

Ah, I know their shadow falls not here,
Here where once the dreary wings were riven,
Here where rule is dead of fraud or fear;
Yet because the darkness hence was driven,
Yea, for all such souls as here have striven,
Force, though backward from one stronghold
hurled,
Being deathless, on defeat hath thriven,
Being fiend, hath darkened still the world.

Tell me— of Mazzini's toil what flower?
 What of Hofer's blood-bought seed is growing?
 What has come of Cordua's last hour?
 What fair fruit of Cromwell's early sowing?
 Yea, the scythe is sharp — what of the mowing?
 Who shall answer for Kossuth, or say,
 So faintly now the trumps of old seem blowing,
 Wherefore Emmet perished in his May?
 Dark will follow day for all the light;
 Nay, although the sun-god with his shining
 Scatter all the shadows far in flight,
 When he fades, his radiant way resigning,
 Night revives, her copper coils untwining,
 While the stealthy shades their haunts resume.
 Who shall care then, from their depths divining,
 What stark suns the midday hours illumine?
 Far away, in April faintly heard,
 Summer sounds one note of rhythmic warning.
 Hark! and waning Winter at the word
 Startles forth as night before the morning.
 Autumn comes; and August's triumphs scorning
 Lo! the ice-king slowly climbs his throne.
 What cares he for Summer's glorious dawning
 Or whither now its tattered robes are blown?
 Force, as cold as frost, as dark as night,
 Fierce as flame, upon men's heart-strings feeding,
 Force comes back and reasserts its blight,
 All the world's heroic deeds unheeding.

Will you turn the strength of tides with pleading?
Lo! unchangeable through changing forms,
Ruler still through reaping and through seeding,
Force alone survives all tides and storms.

Blood that by these slopes was shed in vain,
Blood that falleth on such fields forever,
Fruitless as on arid wastes the rain
Where green bud or blade shall quicken never,
Sad as winds whose wintry breathings sever
Leaf from leaf along the yellow vine —
Standing here all struggle seemeth ever
Useless as the wind upon the pine.

There a tyrant falls, and to the throne
Climbs with dripping hands and hot his brother;
From the ashes of one wrong has grown,
Lustier rooted, broader branched, another;
Force the sire and Fraud the teeming mother,
Offspring of the jungle, bring to birth
Priests and kings whose busy footsteps smother
All the kindly growths of love on earth.

Time whose sands are blown in shifting shapes,
Time that knows all ways where it lies drifted,
Blown about dim seas and shadowy capes,
Tell me where for long the clouds are rifted.
Lo! a hero's face to stars uplifted
Shines a moment as the light sails by;
Then once more, the brooding blackness shifted,
Dark resumes its reign in earth and sky.

Nay, not so, not so — since years began
Back to dimmest eons past our dreaming
Wasted is no blood that fell for man.

Sword or dungeon-cell or great axe gleaming,
Lonely death apart of small worth seeming,
She hath noted all the blood and tears,
She hath known each heart heroic, deeming
Every deed a stone for the arch she rears.

Even she, our lady, in whose name
Faith takes heart again, and, starward turning,
Hope in sweetest eyes casts back the flame
Ever in her torch uplifted burning,
She to whom men turn with that old yearning,
Sun and star and goddess, Liberty,
Beautiful beyond all lore or learning,
Sweet as sunrise on the heaving sea.

From whose hand comes every perfect gift.
These may sleep in their dull graves untended,
But the peace that doth thine heart uplift,
Dawning on thee like the great bow bended,
What were it but for such blood expended?
Yea, for every son of hers like these,
Every obscure life or pain thus ended,
Give thou fervent thanks upon thy knees.

Down on thy knees then, this is holy ground;
Man fell here for man — not holier dying
Saint or sage or hero ever found.
Man fell here for man. The saints are lying

Shadowed by the firs above them sighing.
Martyrs of one cause since Time began,
Walk with head bowed low above them crying:
Holy! Holy! man fell here for man!

Wind that blows the cloud-flags far about
Wind that makes the huge storm-trumpets shiver,
Wind before whose stern triumphant shout
Men are bowed in awe and mountains quiver,
Give us one great strain of sea or river,
Fit to sing their praise whose deeds are known,
Round and round the radiant world forever,
Grandest strain of all thy lips have blown.

Mother Earth, that seest all sons of thine,
Wind thy tender arms about them sleeping;
Cover them with roses and wild vine
Where the river in slow circles sweeping
Sings a quiet song for their safe-keeping.
Bend, O mother, with thy smile above them,
Peace in thy mild eyes and with no weeping;
Thou and we have one great cause to love them.

III

Allegro con brio

Not for thee is the grey
As thy legends say,
But a gleaming silver and a burning blue —
Blue for the eyes
That bade thee rise
And silver pure for the sword she drew.

A silver sign
For thy white hill's line,
Stainless and fair as the faith thou hast kept;
Deep blue like thy sky
For the truth held high
And the love that in all these years hath not slept.

These are her ways
To whose endless praise
The keen dew's glisten, the wet grasses shine;
For whose sake in Spring
The waters sing
And the deep green deepens line by line.

For her sake, I know,
With a lovelier glow
Night smiles on day down the crimson bars;
For these are her gifts —
Her, whose love uplifts
The souls of men to the singing stars.

These are her lands,
For with her own hands
Here she led her children from dark to dawn,
And these were her shield;
On each reddened field
She hath shone on them from the clouds withdrawn.

Is the sky so blue
Or a land so true
On the whirling wheel that the stars behold?
Are the roses so red
Or such bright buds spread
On such glories of silver and green and gold?

Ah! the drone of bees
And the song of trees
And the light that she pours through branch and
bower!
And the breath that wakes
In the dewy brakes
The splendor and wonder of flower on flower!

If the light seem sweet
On the morning's feet
As he comes with song up the saffron hill;
If his music rise
To the cloudless skies
Up ways where the snow lies white and still;

If the river sing
To each bright brown wing
Past the wide green fields and the waving wheat ;
If the morning hymn
In the blue vale dim
Rise with lovelier rhythm and more stirring beat ;

If the eve seem dear
In her rose depth clear,
If the gold on the stainless steeps burn bright,
Let thy soul upraise
A psalm of praise
For the wild wise work of that wild wise night.

Not for thee is the grey,
As the legends say,
But a spotless silver and a tender blue —
Deep blue for her eyes
That once bade thee rise
And gave thee light from the sword she drew.

These are her lands,
She that broke the bands,
While sunlight fluttered from dark to dawn,
And this sky was her shield
With its azure field,
Pure and clear from the clouds withdrawn.

IV

Andante ma non troppo

In man's great heart, surcharged with thy desire,
His upturned eyes alight from thy great fire,
What strange wild rushing symphonies have rung,
What signs of thine on his steep way been flung
The while thy love, great spirit thou, soared higher !

So ever thus dull plodding through the mire
One thought of thee, one note of thy wild lyre —
And all his surging blood has burned and stung
In man's great heart !

Ah, like the singing of the starry quire
In notes of awful beauty, strong and dire,
With more than love's fierce bitter sweetness
strung —
At sight of thee what choking cries have sprung,
Thou all wherefor we suffer and aspire
In man's great heart !

Andante

O sacred mother ! Saint of love and light,
More beautiful than any gem that night
Binds in her heavy braids to make her crown,
Better than dawn that to the day bends down,
Hear thy faint children of a day less bright !

Abased and broken, halt and helpless, Might,
Like one outworn and wasted in a fight,
Creeps back defeated from thy very frown,
O sacred mother !

But all the radiant heralds of the Right,
Reviving like the earth before thy sight,
Here where the sun shining along thy gown
Strikes glory from the gold and green and brown,
Cry with full hearts to thee upon thy height,
O *sacred mother.*

Volkmann's Serenade in D Minor

(BRUNO STEINDEL PLAYS THE
VIOLONCELLO)

Larghetto non troppo

Here gleams no beauty bright as thine, love;

Here shine no stars alight like thine, love;

Love, love, look to the skies,

Blind, blind, their light with thine eyes;

Dark can be none

With only thy beauty above me for sun, love,

With only thyself above me for sun.

White silent depths of moonlight on whose breast

The silvered trees

Float like dim argosies at dreamy rest

On stirless seas;

So still that when the moon sails high

The song she sings in that vast sky

Seems breathed afar on fairy flutes;

So still that when her faint strains die

Across the depths dim echoes fly

Star-touched on throbbing lutes.

Love, love, ah from above,

Borne, borne as on wings of a dove,

Straight from the skies love came to me full of its wonder.

Dear, dear, as dawn to the day,

Sweet, sweet, as rainfall to May.

Ah heart, as the moon draws the sea,

So yearns my soul up to thee,

Fain to be free of the doubt and the dark that are under.

So still, so still — it seems that you might hear

The rose that climbed

Up to her window whisper something dear

And dainty-rhymed ;

Deep solemn hush as if a god

Put forth his hand, and at his nod

A silence like a downward snow

On fluttering leaves and teeming sod

Made dumb all ways the wind had trod

And hushed all life below.

Here buds no rose so fair as thine, love ;

Here beats no heart so warm as mine, love.

Love, love, deep in my breast,

Hid, hid, as a bird in a nest,

Daylong I hear

Some song of thy soul, love, ringing clear.

So still the bird of night for all his grief

No plaint will make ;

So still he will not stir one lightest leaf

In the breathless brake.

The shadows of the chestnuts sleep

So heavy on the grass, knee-deep,

That where the snow-white roadway shines
Between the piled-up shadows steep
It seems its fragrant way to keep
Agleam with silver lines.

*The stars are shining when they are unseen, love;
Day quenches not their ardor bright and keen, love.
Love, love, through shadows or sun,
Slow, slow, the dull days may run,
Star-like I know*

*How steadfastly our loves still glow, love,
How sure the lights and the fires still glow.
Dawn brings no breath so sweet as this, love,
The breeze that bears to me thy kiss, love.*

And from that little casement window there,
Half-framed in vine,
So that saints' halos round her swept-back hair
Light seems to twine,
One face, so fair that it alone
The hymn of night may not mistone,
Looks out upon the world and seems,
Above some vision all its own,
Deep in the heart of mystery shown,
Lost in delicious dreams.

All still again — and if a petal fall,
Faint with delight,
And if a sigh breathed down the ivy wall
Floats through the night,

The ear bereaved of that sweet sound
 May note them — and from all around
 As fine as dreams, a pent-up breath,
 As if the listening flowers had found
 In tears they weep unto the ground
 Some ease for that song's death.

The silver slants — the wind takes up its harp
 And lightly trills
 Its first and faintest chords, but clear and sharp
 On tawny hills;
 And as its fingers quaintly play
 The herald song of far-off day,
 And earth revives to joy and pain,
 Remoter down the shadowy way,
 Among the tree boles growing grey,
 The burden throbs again.

*Love, love, through shadow or sun,
 Slow, slow, the dull day may run —
 Yet, love, when daylight is done
 Think, think, what starlight has won.
 Say to the rose as I to the star sing, "I love thee!"
 Ah, love, harsh drums the bird,
 There, love, in the myrtle bush stirred;
 Love, love, faint grows thy face,
 Faint, faint as the night fades apace,
 Yet in the dark I feel it there shining above me!*

It will not come again, that song, although
 The moon may pour
On other nights its steady flood like snow
 Across her floor.

Still climbs the rose for her sweet sake,
And flings its leaves, and thinks to break
His heart in weary waiting there.
For all his song she does not wake;
And restless winds about him make
 Vain sighs to that lost air.

Her Highness

That is Her Highness — tall and fair and bright.

You see how like a star that shines alone,
Clear like one star that comes and rules the night
While all her sisters pale and shrink from sight,
When she goes by along her path has shone
A clear unwavering light.

When she goes by something within you sings.

Yea, with closed eyes you know the steps for hers;
And as down dewy slopes with fluttering wings
Where April floats some fair new flower springs,
So where Her Highness goes her presence stirs
A sense of all sweet things.

All gracious things, I think, as if a rose

Should linger on unchanged, too fine to fade;
Or that sweet breath that from the birch-bank blows
Revive when summer-weary blossoms close,
And all the soft and tender thoughts the shade
Unto the sunlight owes.

Ah yes, she has these gifts, Her Highness — grace

That makes you think of lilies, and gentle mirth,
And some ethereal saintliness of face
Like faces Sandro used to dream and trace,
And more — a moss-rose bud soon after birth,
For she is of that race.

She has that way of moving none may tell.

It minds you of your Virgil. *Ah, you say,
The steps were not as fairy light that fell
By shadowy oak-shafts in the Tyrian dell.*

You know from awe-struck lips that dreaming day
What passionate cry did swell!

It rang along the dim green forest ways
Just as you think that such a cry would rise,
Without your will, if in a sudden blaze
Of beauty she her lambent look should raise
And let it dwell upon you from the eyes
So far beyond my praise.

You see all this; and still you shall not know,
Though with clenched hands you cry that she
is fair,
Or gaze upon her dumbly wondering — so!
(Her white dress shining in the low lamp's glow)
What sweeter flowers than any in her hair
Deep in her spirit grow.

I mean her own true self you shall not guess;
Though from her dainty grace you may divine
Faint hints of what she is, her loveliness,
And how her thoughtful face illumines — yes!
But not the light that makes all stars that shine
Immeasurably less!

Of all this you know naught; but I — I see
 With solemn joy still with vague terror fraught,
As looking on some god's great mystery,
The white sweet soul within her which is She.
 For once, yea once, in one rare dream or thought
 Its light was turned on me.

And though it will not come again, that dream,
 And though of me henceforth she take no heed
More than of old lean autumn leaves the stream,
Yet since that day her wondrous self I deem
 A shrine whereto I kneel with book and bead
 And else all sinner seem.

Della Bella Simonetta

Shadows she sees and naught but shadows pass,
For here the blue eyes through her little glass
Look out upon the weary world and note
The morning lights make gold the waving grass,
The fresh leaves turn and flash, the swift clouds
float,
Great golden argosies, across the sky ;
The sunsets grow and flame and fade, the dawns
Make dewy all the flowers by river lawns,
White moonbeams and the drifts that form and fly :
And shadows all she knows them—beam and mote
That with the sunlight die.

But this she sees with those deep eyes of hers,
That no sweet life within the greenwood stirs,
No roses bud, nor lilies sway and swing ;
No spikes grow grey on swelling chestnut burrs,
Nor purple shimmers in the young dove's wing,
But Change, the lord of all, hath each for slave.
The very leaf she saw grow green and red
Woody by the West Wind from its tasseled bed,
Lapped by the seas of sun with wave on wave,
A sad brown symbol now of perished Spring
She watches to its grave.

And man she sees go busy to and fro
 Wrapped in some dull dense dream, the sunset glow
 Unmeaning and the singing stars but dumb;
 No heavenly music when the March winds go
 With soaring trumpet and with rolling drum;
 Nor when the star-fires fade and dawn has birth,
 And up the ocean's crimson hill the day
 Bursts through the golden bars its glorious way;
 No wonder in the great moon's silver girth,
 For all his soul, grown haggard now and numb,
 Bears downward to the earth.

And seeing all these shadows pass — if life
 Itself be more fulfilled of empty strife,
 Of wasted toil and sowing without fruit,
 Of long dark ways with sickening terrors rife,
 Of love grown cold and lovers' lips grown mute,
 Of hopes once green the years have burned to grey,
 Of changing faces and of weary hands,
 Of blind fate shearing off the far-spun strands,
 And life unled along a footless way —
 Here, facing all, strong souled and resolute,
 She hath no faith to say.

For her clear soul yields naught to fear; she knows
 The crumpled leaf, the riddle of the rose,
 The meaning of the garnered sheaf, the tale
 The brown grass sings when grey November blows
 Its bitter breath across the russet dale,

And how each bare and widowed branch complains
Sharp drawn and sad against the steely blue,
And asters, last of all the summer crew;
The chant that waxes and the song that wanes;
And Change that leads, unheeding boon or bale,
His grisly retinue.

Ah, sweet blue tender thoughtful eyes that gaze
Down some dim wondrous slope on dreamy ways,
Not even Italy hath skies so blue;
No bluebell where the errant North Wind strays
Nor any sapphire sea shows such a hue
Nor soundless deep such deeps. And then the
hair —

Ah, sweet, there is no chestnut shell so brown,
Nor any leaf dun Autumn's hand flings down.
It is no wonder, seeing thee so fair,
He loved thee so that when these lips he drew
He left them speaking there.

Ah, wistful face of woman fine and true,
Was it from this then that his spirit drew
The light that led him all his way along,
And brighter than all the stars before him grew,
And in his heart was hope, his soul was song?
Was this the face touched with some day-dream deep,
Sad with some question wherein sense saith naught,
With speech unspoken and with gainless thought
That came to make his straining heart up leap,
His vision clear, his soul grow sweet and strong
Before the face he wrought?

And that fair love of thine whose fervent face
 Glimmers at eve above some shadowy space,
 Whose glowing eyes are beacon lights before,
 Whose hand and thine were wont to interlace,
 Sandro, the white of soul — is he no more
 Than these grey shadows? Soul and sense and
 word

And sad deep pondering eyes and splendid brow
 And crisply curling hair abroad that thou
 Wert wont to twine, and singing voice men heard
 At even? Ah, buds the bright rose-tree wore
 Last year — where are they now?

No answer comes from sun or star or stream
 Whereon she broods, from vision or from dream.
 The moonlight shows it not, although the tide
 Pours down like noonday; light and darkness seem
 As one now, faith and unfaith side by side.
 The Wind sings many songs, but none of this,
 Nor may the tortured soul of man divine
 What lies beyond his faint horizon line.
 The great seas rise, and reflux sob and hiss;
 Lights change and shadows on the deep abide,
 Or wane and make no sign.

But love there is, and love alone remaining
 Shines on the pathway that the low sun, waning,
 To shadows leaves — to shadows and still gloom:
 Wan love and poor that has no goal for gaining,
 But knows the ways of bud and withered bloom.

The night, how swift of wing; the day, how brief!
And knowing all has mind no less to be
Upheld by love as sunset by the sea;
And leaning still on love can see the leaf
Drift down the air and bitter suns consume
The last rose from the tree.

Therefore with thee for light he saw the face,
So sad and sweet and childlike, in its grace
Beyond all faces fleeting here on earth,
That gleamed upon him from the aching space
Thine own withdrawn had made. The leafy birth
Of flowers had message new for hand and brain
With sense of tears and sobbing at his heart,
And Spring with daintier footsteps seemed to start
Mid lovelier colors on the Tuscan plain;
And pensive from the wild waves' kiss and mirth
He saw love's goddess part.

And all the dark, as with thy smile too rare,
Grew bright with angels, and the common air
From jeweled cross and crown glowed with strange
gleams,
And oft from star and sphere in heaven laid bare
A molten music, soft as sounds in dreams,
Flooded the lower spaces — all for thee,
For thee whose soul, a questioning spirit, far
Past circuit of the young moon's crescent car
Broods on some deep as suns brood on the sea,
As in some lake at silent midnight seems
A star to answer star.

And who loves Beauty must love Freedom more,
The twin-born goddesses all souls adore

That would aright the stern sweet lesson read
Of winds and waves, of flowers and starry lore;

That think the rose sprang from too dear a seed
To grow where Wrong makes head or Force has throne.

So when that strange great figure came and cast
Portent and gloom on tyranny aghast,
This was the face that ever glowed and shone
Before him, bright with hope of some high deed
Struck at the sceptered Past.

Sandro by Savonarola's side, these twain,
With hearts uplift amid the fiery rain,

With eyes that saw beyond the circling cloud
The sun strike glory from a broken chain
And wakened Florence flinging off her shroud
With soul that surged and struggled to be free —

Sandro and Savonarola! Ah, her love
Hath drawn great hearts and sovereign souls above
From countless fields; when might her sweet eyes see
Two sons like these, clear-visioned and white-
browed,

Our lady, Liberty?

For liberty and love he struck — and failed.

The great red burning star blazed up and paled.

He had risked all for Florence; now grown old
Not yet the high aspiring spirit quailed;

The lingering light from thy soul's sunset told,

Though thy face shone not, though thy voice was lost,
Which way wound upward as in days long dead;
And for the wreathing of that glorious head
A saintly halo with white star-points crost,
Tender like Autumn with soft red and gold,
Down the sheer darkness shed.

What of the soul made thus of dawn and fire?
What of the light that was the World's Desire?
What of the wonder of the hands that wrought,
Whose touch was as an angel's on the lyre?
What of the busy brain, the solemn thought,
The soaring spirit that beheld in dreams
What man had never seen nor sense perceived,
The heart that burned, the faith that disbelieved?
Are all but dust in air and mote in streams?
Alas! from sombre shadowland comes naught
That like an answer seems.

If any sphere for souls serene as he
Beyond the twilight and the darkness be,
There on the sunniest plain among the flowers
Or by the margin of the singing sea
He is for twain the sun of golden hours —
For Chatterton and Shelley, only these;
For these of all the singing souls alone
The fire that touched his spirit, too, have known
And heard the same mysterious melodies
That linger still in these dull days of ours
From brighter centuries blown.

But if no star above the solemn night
 Be with his footsteps and his presence bright,
 And even May that once he loved so well
 Sing nothing now of shadow or of light,
 He is not dead. Wherever love may dwell,
 Wherever blowing buds are dear, or heart
 Be bowed and silent as before a shrine
 At but one thought of beauty the divine,
 There of all sweet and perfect things a part,
 He lives forever — for all these shall tell
 Forever of his art.

- Shall not men's mightiest as their lightest deeds
 Be sown beyond us in Time's field for seeds,
 And every word or work be rooted there
 To make earth red with roses, waste with weeds?
 What man has died then? Ah, all earth and air
 Are roseate as with shadow of a flame
 For him; the fields are bright with leaf and bloom
 Sprung from his time of sorrow and grey gloom,
 And men that see the flowerage of his fame
 Twine chaplets wet with tears that keep them fair
 Round Botticelli's name!

In the Pitti Palace, Florence.

A Man

A shambling figure, forward bent, and worn,
With sad eyes searching something in the dust;
A wallet, streaked with uncouth stains and rust,
Half-filled with leaves, across his shoulders borne.
And ever gathering these with busy care,
Dead leaves of power and promise, gain and lust,
The silver-cinctured spirits of his morn,
That gave him dreams and made his pathway
fair,
Leave him forlorn.

Shadows of yearning and a vague unrest,
Strange chartings of vain voyages in space,
And scribblings of the tears, where you may trace
The story fairly writ of gainless quest.
And, fumbling with his leaves, you still surmise,
From some half-hidden twitchings of this face,
Or where at times one hovering hand is prest,
Red burnings of the unbalmed wound that lies
Within his breast.

Bird-song and cloud-drift, and he knows them
naught.
Gold on the slopes, gold on the bound-up sheaves,
Sheen on the hills the spendthrift summer weaves,

Pearls of the dawn the lily-leaf has caught,
And he will none. But while he clutches fast
Some crumbling handful of his leaves, dead leaves,
The wind has heard his prayers with sorrow fraught,
The stars have seen the furrowed face upcast
In furtive thought.

And though he walk in crowds he walks alone,
Half-blind for all the beauties of the day,
Half-deaf for all the winds and wings may say,
Half-dumb for any arm about him thrown.
Forth looking through his eyes as prison bars
Within he hath no kind or kindred — yea,
For all the tender hands his hand hath known,
For all the voices and for all the stars —
Alone.

The Wreck

Cold at dawn the wind from off the dunes
Whips the streamers from her sides decaying,
Cold among her slackened cordage playing
Now at eve the wind weaves weariest tunes;
Night-long underneath her battered quarter
Rise and moan the solemn restless seas;
Day-long here the crests of combing water
Climb and crumble, climb and know not ease.

Over decks careened and thick with sand
Sea-birds call and sea-sprays flash and scatter.
Dreary rains upon the deck house patter,
Dreary shadows gather from the land.
Strand from strand and beam from beam parted,
Slowly ground and hammered back to dust,
This is she that from safe haven started
Bright as hope and freighted with men's trust.

This is she that danced and leaped along
Down the shining tracks of blue-white ocean;
This is she that rhymed its restless motion,
Sheared and foaming into tinkling song.
Wind was then her boisterous playmate-lover,
Waves were wooers following her in vain;
Wide and white her wings outstretched above her
Bore her bird-like out and home again.

This is she that from her builder sprang
Proud of life and strong as youth, and yearning
Forth on summer seas with sunset burning,
Gliding seaward while the pier-heads rang;
This is she that oft on town and highland
Flashed mysterious like a fairy form,
White and still by cliff and dreaming island,
Queen of seas and mistress of the storm.

Note this frame, how born of busy brain,
Shaped and planned and wrought with clear
prevision,
Cast now on these sands, the waves' derision,
Strength and youth and majesty made vain.
Here hath end now all her queenly beauty,
She that sunlight loved and storm defied,
Spoil of winds, the mad sea's empty booty,
Here lies drained by death and flung aside.

To this port she hath been steered at last;
This, the end of all the busy striving.
Hitherward her clean dread prow was driving
First when foam from her sheer sides was cast.
Toil and heavy care and hours unsleeping,
Weary watch with fear and boding sore,
Sea by sea her unguessed way were keeping
All to strew her beauty on this shore.

With a Volume of Swinburne

This is the Master's music; with these notes
He weaves those wondrous tissues of sweet sound
Within whose web some heavenly vision floats
Where stars are caught and golden clouds are
bound;
Where strange winds whisper of ethereal things
And spirits of the mist through pearly motes
Sail on their shimmering wings.

And in these strains, I know, you listening find
Some voice that says to other ears but naught;
Some echo singing clear in your own mind,
Some chord responsive to your inmost thought;
For in that world of beauty have you share
As surely as the dewy rose you wind
Sometimes within your hair.

Pegli

SONATA

- I. *Allegro moderato.*
- II. *Andante.*
- III. *Scherzo—allegro vivace.*
- IV. *Rondo.*

I

Allegro Moderato

Now like a little child whose back-blown hair
The wind twines through his fingers in her sleep,
And half her fairy face is hidden where
Red roses watch and ward around her keep,
With roses strewn about
And wild vine in and out
Wound and wound in the garland whence the half-
blown poppies peep :

And through half-opening leaves the blue eyes peer,
Stirred by the shadow of a whirling wing,
And one hand blindly sweeps the bright brows clear
Of curls that round the damp sweet forehead cling,
And a linnet perched above
Pipes mellowly of love
As sweet and clear as answering strains the tender
lips may sing ;

And all her playmates passing to and fro,
 Seeing where on the tender leaves she lies,
Lay fingers on their lips and steal tiptoe
 To bind a daisy chain across her eyes ;
 And for her little hands
 Weave the snow-white strands
For chains to clasp her when she wakes and hold her,
 captive-wise ;

So slumbrous in the green lap of the hill
 And to the sea's low-singing lip so near
That let the pine trees pipe their loudest, still
 The other's song is ever in her ear,
 Sweet in the sunlight dozes
 The fairest town of roses,
With upturned face the wild winds kiss, unknowing
 tear and fear.

The awakening, too, is like ; for when the day
 Makes gold the ringing roadway of the waves
And ruddy the long lines of glittering spray,
 Straight from their sleep among the shadowy caves
 Birds set the echoes ringing,
 From palm to pine tree swinging,
Till all the air is joyous with the lilt of merry staves.

And with the dawn the wind his harp attunes,
 From bough to bough through all the woven
 green,
And plays thereon to morning of high noons,
 To noon of wondrous nightfalls he has seen ;

And on the grass-strung pearls
Keen sunlight springs and swirls,
Till flashing all with brilliants grows each length of
leafy screen.

Then with the full-toned chorus at its height,
With birds and beams and white waves in one
chord,
The dimmest hilltops blaze up green and bright,
Sharp smitten by the sun as with a sword;
And headlands that were blue
Show only golden hue,
And shortening shadows line his path, the day's
advancing lord.

Or see this face now in that other noon,
When birds and beams and winds and wavelets
sleep,
And high above the dreaming pines the moon
Paves its green golden path along the deep;
To a soundless cradle hymn
She lays sweet limb to limb
And slumbers while about her all the sharp-edged
shadows creep.

But even then she smiles, and even then
Red roses whisper and white roses woo,
And nameless incense floats for her as when
The lark alighting stirs the odorous dew,

And the sea's voice afar
And faint song of a star
Alone make music in the breathless air, alone seem
true.

For in the wonder of that silver light,
That blaze and stainless bloom, that glint and
gleam,
A strange new day, not born of earth or night,
Nor made for men, must all these splendors seem ;
And all the silent towers
And wan green curves of bowers
Naught but the fleeting fabric of white cloudland
or a dream.

So slumbrous in the shadow of the hill
And to the seas' low singing lip so near
That let the pine-trees pipe their loudest, still
The other's song is ever in her ear,
Sweet in the moonlight dozes
The fairest town of roses,
With upturned face the wild winds kiss unknowing
tear and fear.

II

Andante

She was thus when conquerors came and went
 Down this road that lies there still and white ;
 She was thus when all their glories spent,
 Dust and shame and ashes all their might,
 Round some space of years unsure and brief
 Fame was fluttered like a flying leaf,
 Ere the night engulfed them, too—the starless
 night.

She had roses then ; they might have seen
 Depths of red and yellow all unknown,
 Watched the white sea bind its brow with green,
 Heard the elfin horns and clarions blown,
 When, the purple pall of night rolled back,
 Down the seaway shone the dawn's great track,
 While the queen sprang up to life—the rose-
 crowned queen.

There was ivory midnight, too, like this,
 Like to this the languid perfumed air ;
 Seas ranged up to get the moonbeams' kiss,
 Moonbeams twined the great palm's drooping
 hair
 Then as now ; and some still voice divine,
 Borne from lapsing wave or murmuring pine,
 Sang as now the death of care—the stupid care.

Dust to dust. For one such night, but one,
Towers all marble, ways all white and clear,
Sleeping shadows sharp as in the sun,
Misty films that bring the bright sea near,
Curling wave on wave along the strand,
White foam-lilies blooming on the sand —
Pluck the rose now — ah, was all their work so dear?

Dust to dust. If round one crumbling stone
Springs one flower to whisper of their name,
If through dust of years one deed be blown,
One least feather moulted of their fame,
What were all now weighed with one red leaf,
But one gleam of sunset bright and brief,
One swift glimmering of the sea by moonlight shown?

Red they were with fire of life and lust,
Fierce and beautiful and swift and strong;
Death beat back by the gleaming shield out-thrust,
Change a name and Fate made but a song —
Where is now their glory? Years grown grey,
Bright and dark above their vanished way,
Whisper through the fading twilight, *Dust to dust.*

All men trembled at his nod who came
Silent, dark, and scowling down this street;
Light was none so dazzling as his fame,
Might lay prostrate here before his feet.
Life and death were waifs within his hands.
Winds blow up and down the shifting sands —
Nay, no wind bears one least whisper of his name.

Dust to dust. It was for this they strove ;
Hearts were torn for this and souls were stained.
Lo, the leaves swept round and round the grove,
Lo, the dead leaves on the river rained.
See now what the busy builders built,
Planned in blood and walled about with guilt ;
See the slow-spun web the toiling weavers wove.

Dust to dust. The stars, the hills, the seas,
Moonlight pausing at the great hill's lip,
Purple caves of sunset's mysteries,
Filmy streams that down the dale-side slip,
Long drawn lines of foam upon the strand,
Shadows dreaming on the dreaming land —
Change, the king, shall change all else and change
not these.

She was thus when hands no man may name,
Toiling with lost labor through the light,
Heedless how the long blue ripples came
Stealing shoreward, silent, bowed and bright,
Reared these towers with sweat and heavy pain,
Here where sun and wind with dust again
Mingle all in one great grave that knows not fame.

Roses grow, it may be, redder, brighter,
For the dust of the heroic dead ;
But the waves leap higher not nor whiter
For the blood of battle by them shed.
Other trace of them the earth hath none ;
Wrecked and spoiled by ceaseless wind and sun,
Lo ! their work as vain as autumn leaves, and lighter.

She was thus when conquerors came and went
Down this road that lies there still and white ;
She was thus when all their glories spent,
Dust and shame and ashes all their might,
Round some space of years unsure and brief
Fame was fluttered like a flying leaf,
Ere the night engulfed them, too—the starless night.

Dust to dust. If any soul might be
Deathless in the beam of sun or star,
Swung through ages in the cold calm sea,
Watchful of man's struggle from afar,
Man that in the dark goes blindly groping,
Hating, loving, sinning, soaring, hoping—
Would it weep not for the sad fatuity?

III

Scherzo

In the flush of the dawn
At the Maytime of flowers,
By the dewy sweet lawn,
In the tinkle of showers,
With the freshened brooks bounding
Past hills and green bowers,
And her white surf sounding
At the feet of grey towers—

She is loveliest then
 Of all the sun dowers,
 She is loveliest then
 Of all haunts of men,
 She is lovelier then
 Than in sunnier hours.

In the light that shines flying
 Up the dust of old highways,
 When the shadows are dying
 In the curves of hill-byways,
 With the morning song sighing
 Where pine cones are falling,
 And white wave replying
 Whence white gulls are calling,
 With her eyes dashed with dew,
 Like the tears of rare pleasure,
 Making brighter the blue
 And richer their treasure—
 She is lovelier then
 Than the sheath of the rose,
 She is loveliest then
 Of all the Spring knows.

She has ways then more airy
 Than birds or the bees,
 In the woods is no fairy
 With steps light as these ;

She has ways then and mysteries
Stranger, more fleet,
Than are told in all histories
Of strange things and sweet.
In the forest ways ringing
With the dance of dim feet,
And sound of dim singing
In the green growing wheat,
And midnight airs bringing
The faint tinkling beat
Of fairy hoofs springing
In rhythmic retreat —
None of these, none of these
Is so fair or so sweet
In the flush of the dawn
At the Maytime of flowers,
By the dewy sweet lawn
Or the tinkle of showers.

Allegro Vivace

From the sea, from the sea, from the bright blue sea,
In the red of the East and its witchery,
When the car of the night and her dark host flee
Comes her brother that only is fair as she,
Comes the son of the beautiful dawn.

And his eyes are as bright as those blue eyes of hers,
His song is in every bright rosebud that stirs,

And his footsteps awaken the birds in the firs,
And the quail from the quickset or elder upwhirrs,
And shadows are thick on the lawn.

All the waves and the ways of the sea run red,
Now fresh spice for the coverts of pine is shed,
And the sorrows and shadows of night are fled,
And new joys awaken and old fears lie dead,
As fast from the East he comes.

Ah, the songs that the lips of the fresh earth sing
Through the spray that the waves on the grey rock
fling!

And white laces shiver and foam-blossoms spring,
And now while with hymnals the green hillsides ring
The strengthening sea breeze hums.

He but breathes on the leaves and the soft sleeping
flowers,
And the buds start up as at faint sound of showers,
And long leaves rustle by garden bowers,
The grey rocks glisten, the far castle lowers,
And hear ye the song of the lark?

As he comes from the isles with his fresh rosy train
The dull night shudders, the pale stars wane,
And lost from the waves is the shimmering lane
That the old moon made with its light now vain,
The light that his eyes made dark.

IV

Andante

The great blue sea is her lover. At her feet
His long curled waves that elsewhere rave and beat
Sound but a lingering love song in her ear
And climb at rosy dawn to call her dear
And sink at rosy eve to call her sweet.

And all the stars above he would repeat
And all the perfumed airs below entreat
To have her shadow on his face shine clear,
The great blue sea.

The pines, fresh tuned when morning breezes fleet,
With some new song each day her beauty greet,
And soft stirred palm leaves nod and murmur near.
For him she bends her lovely head to hear
Now while the soft half-parted lips repeat,
'The great blue sea!'

Mary Magdalen

(POMARANCIO IN THE BARBERINI, ROME)

Tears: and about my heart the weight that tears,
 Although they fall like rain
Through weary months that melt into dull years,
 Lift not again.

Tears that upon my breast fell through the hair
 With precious spikenard sweet,
That once on that far day that seems so fair
 Lay on his feet.

Tears: and at dawn the restless wind awakes
 Blossoms and buds unseen
And sings me naught, although its wing down shakes
 This drift of green.

Tears that unbidden in the quiet night
 Rise suddenly and dim,
With all the lesser stars that one clear light
 That seems like him ;

Like him when, daring once a little space,
 Mine eyes on his found rest
And felt what tenderness subdued his face,
 What grief his breast.

Like that one glance from his mild eyes I had,
I, at his feet alone:

Compassionate and wondering and sad,
On me it shone.

And in that instant gathered there a dew;
I saw it, bending low,
And past his healing hand one drop fell through
And touched this brow.

Ah, hands that once upon this head were prest,
Ah, eyes with pity filled!
And dim delight in some vague sign of rest
And sorrows stilled,

Now none ye heal, dear hands; now, torn and cold,
Uneloquent ye lie;
Dark eyes, ye brood not now, nor aught behold
In earth or sky.

Now in the strident street, by temple gate,
Or lowly hovel door,
One place is void, and hungering crowds await
One voice no more;

Void save of echoes vain the place he slept
(If sleep indeed it be)
And none remembers now that once he wept,
Yea, even he.

And none may know if he were god indeed,
Or if his gentle eyes,
Upturned and sorrowful, no more might read
In those cold skies

Than we that stumbling down the darkling way,
Half-dead, half-mad, half-blind,
By these false lights and voices lured astray,
May dream we find ;

May dream a wind to whisper, or a star
Come bending down to sing,
Or some faint messenger flit by afar
On lucent wing.

Nay, god in truth — in truth a god ! of man
Who hath known pity ? Scorn
Is man's, not pity — scourge and brand and ban
And thong and thorn !

But if hope be not, if with even hand
Men pay the price of pain,
How shall my brethren fare when I demand
My soul again ?

Yea, should I lift at some great judgment-seat
This broken soul of mine
And show its torn wings there before his feet
Where angels shine,

And cry, *This soul was white — who burned it black ?*
Should any in that place
With clear untroubled eyes on me look back
And unshamed face ?

Nay, I know naught of all — but this I know :
Whatever dark may be
One sun hath shone — one soul, touched of my woe,
Hath pitied me !

Lost soul, I give him tears that else have naught
But tears and love to give,
Back beaten from the gates of dreary thought
Wherein I live!

It may be that in some faint shadow-land
Unsearched by eyes of ours
Divinely strange bowed heads have thanked his hand,
His eyes strange flowers.

I know not, I, what heaven of heavens may be
Shut in some shining sphere;
I clasp the memory of dead days and see
Lost heavens here.

Dead days and hopes and through them all one gleam
Grown faint and dim with fears,
Drawn from the eyes that taught me in a dream
The use of tears.

Tears that before the morn make blind the eyes
Worn out in searching far
With lessening hope along the silent skies
From star to star.

The Empty Ways

She has no guess, she does not know nor care,
Now she has gone and left my day all night,
How dear are memories of the vanished light,
How sad the haunts her face withdrawn leaves bare!

That heavy swoons the unilluminated air
And hollow all my footsteps smite and smite
She has no guess, she does not know nor care,
Now she has gone and left my day all night.

What help? Some sky beyond she will make fair,
The flowers before her seem less pink and white;
But whether any other heart a blight
Of dreary loneliness like this shall wear
She has no guess, she does not know nor care.

Rubinstein's Romance in E Flat

Andante con moto

Soft and slow,
Soft and slow,
The sunset flutters and the tender twilight quivers;
The long gleam shines no more across the bends of
rivers,
The dying day fades out, the first keen star-shine
shivers,
And all the languid air breathes low, breathes low,
With far-off glow :
So died the daylight once so long ago !
Ah, Time his leaden veil holds back,
Made of the old years grey and black,
To show her waiting for me here on such an eve
as this.
I mind well how her floss-spun hair
Blew back to leave her forehead bare,
And all the rose that blossomed there beneath my
boyish kiss.

The sunset dies at last, the young night faintly
shivers,
The stars shine silently above the bends of rivers,

Just as that night they shone
But for us two alone
While round with daintiest tone
The horns of night were blown !

Ah, great god Change that rules all things below !
Ah, face I saw here, little face so calm and tender !
Ah, hand upon my cheek, the little hand and slender !

 This wind I know
 Breathes low, breathes low
 About her and above her. Ah, I know,
Where on the shaded hillside sleeps my playmate
 soft and low !

Coronation Ode

The pageant lacks, for all the red and gold,
The seas of flashing flags, the faultless rows
Of ordered march, the stately shows of old.
The palpitating crowd that cheers and grows,
The wealth of worlds down pouring in a tide,
The flowing triumph song of power and pride,

Leave something still amiss
To round a day so fair as this,
And for its want your joyous throng
Goes incomplete.

The march seems halting and the picture marred,
The chords of blaring brass and roaring street
Mistune, with undertones awry and jarred
And strident notes struck wrong.

Something ye miss. O marching hosts make room
For yet one tableau hung about with black,
Fulfilled of wailing women, dark with gloom ;
And one therein stretched sweating on the rack,
The bleeding hands and feet with nails pierced
through,

The straining eyes made dim with bloody dew.

Here is your feast of fame?
Then let this tell your mortal shame,

That round the world your flag flies wide
And in its shade
The bitter gospel grows of hoard and gain,
And gain is god and his true son is trade,
While man upon his Calvary of pain
Looks down still crucified.

For kings all this : what do ye then for men ?
Above the surging choruses you hear
The crying from that deep abyss again,
The falling of the intolerable tear.
What help have kings for these ? Or will you give
The famished soul a song and bid it live ?
Ho ! at your board give place
For darkened mind and hatchet face !
Make room for all the crouching forms
And clutching claws,
And cheer your carnival with these and think
How if yon cavern open once its jaws
What cataclysm trembles at its brink
To loose what fiery storms !

Another king ! What needs the world of kings ?
The heart of man, athirst for light and light,
Shall it be eased with these fantastic things,
These fusty relics of the feudal night ?
What do ye prattling, being fully grown,
Around the frayed-out hangings of a throne ?
So blind ! For men awake
And stand and eastward strain to take

First breath of morning ; and they cast
 Their toys away —
Kings, and dim ghosts, and phantom faiths grown
 old —

But you grope still, and still you stoop to play
About the feet of idols green with mold,
 The mildew of the past !

You have had kings ; ah, yes, and thrust them out
To find their bitter bread and drink their tears.
Now while your ways resound with rabble shout
What think you of the record of these years ?
You might have mind on Shelley — have you paid
The life-long stinging of the wounds you made ?

 Shelley ! How say you now
 To the crown you plaited for his brow ?
 And Burns — you know the glittering prize
 From you he had ;
And Keats, your well-beloved and exiled son ;
And Collins, raving ; and, divinely sad,
The pallid lips of starving Chatterton
 And deep reproachful eyes.

And all reëchoes down the dim-lit aisles
Where sleeps that mighty soul whose fiery hate
Struck all kings pale for all their sneers and smiles
As he sung o'er your throne left desolate.
That son of song and light, was he not stirred
If any sound of all these shames he heard ?

Aye, Milton! Did he know
The end of dreams in this mad show
And see the banner he had borne
Dragged in the dust,
Down trodden by his long forgetful race,
His saintly figure should arise to thrust
A stern accusing finger in your face
And blister you with scorn!

No more of kings: this is the age of man!
For you the night is dark, the day means naught;
Wasted for you your heroes' blood that ran
And lost the labor of their hands that wrought.
The world goes on and leaves you on your knees
Mumbling and mouthing to such gauds as these.

The marchers' chorus swells;
You hear no hint of all it tells.
Voice after voice the burden sings
Sturdy and strong:
We tread the wrecks of sceptre and of throne,
Our feet crush out old faiths of fraud and wrong,
We have no crown but liberty alone—
Labor and love are kings!

Songs for Barbara

Four Years Old

I

The swift months bring, to twine her head of brown,
Another wreath; new songs the robins sing,
New love to kiss her darling cheek of down
The swift months bring.

So far away I hear her clear voice ring;
So far above the white Italian town
Her face comes like the soul and queen of spring.

A sudden burst of sun — with filmy gown
A white cloud fleets — and now with whirling wing
A white dear thought of you as springtide's crown
The swift months bring!

II

The light grows stronger year by changing year
That bears your little feet up toward the height
Where shines, with flame that burns more sure
and clear,
The Light.

It casts no shadow in your sunny sight,
It has no touch of doubt or dark or fear;
Sweet as a bird's song, as a cloud's edge white.

But we who walk within the shadows drear
Find for a lamp for leading none so bright
As shines there in your deep sweet eyes, my dear,
The Light.

III

My sweet, while thus upon your brightening way
Like twinkling lights press on your flying feet,
Only these words to hail you I may say —
My sweet!

They were his words whose steadfast glories beat
Like radiant sunrise on a world grown grey,
Sunrise in spring with kindly grace and heat.

Part of the splendors of the spring and May,
You, bright as tropic waves at dawn, I greet;
To weariness as to long night the day,
My sweet!

IV

Sun and star and moon the pavement make
Where shine the feet of day and night afar;
No dearer lights than when your smiles awake
Sun and star.

No tenderer beams across the sunset bar
Of gold and green and fleece dyed crimson break,
Nor purer from the new moon's silver car.

Sweetheart, you little know how for your sake
The night of doubt turns day because you are,
Nor how we from your love and laughter take
Sun and star.

Five Years Old

I

Like leaves the loving winds of autumn bear,
Too fine to touch the earth with their bright
winging,
So go your little feet as light as air
Up the steep stairway whence I hear you singing.

Restless they go and tireless, heartsease bringing,
Swift with all thoughts of all things fresh and fair;
Like leaves the loving winds of autumn bear,
Too fine to touch the earth with their bright
winging.

Ah! flying footsteps! Here they come! And care
Starts up and fleets before their joyous ringing,
And music finds a new tune sweet and rare
As that wherein their rhythmic beat goes swinging;
Like leaves the loving winds of autumn bear,
Too fine to touch the earth with their bright
winging!

II

This is the light now five times stronger grown
That came a beacon, faint and far but clear,
And star-like on our weary pathway shone.
Downward its message flew; for all things dear
Shine downward: on the ways that we walk here
The pure stars burn and lighten from above —
Music, and flowers, and art, a glowing sphere,
And brightest of the galaxy shines Love.

III

The thistle feather faintly blown,
An opening moss-rose not half grown,
And keen and crystalline with dew;
A song in Spring's swift undertone,
The sweetest, daintiest, soul has known,
Or, strung across the burning blue,
The whitest seeds the wind has sown,
The brightest stars the night has shown,
Are not so fleet and fair as you.

I would, my dreaming fay, I knew
What visions drift across your view
Now when the merry lips are still;
What realm your footsteps patter through,
What green hath earth, the sky what hue,
What shapes take cloud and sea and hill
When you scent airs that never blew
And grasp the buds that never grew
In a world like this of pain and ill.

There come no notes distort and shrill,
No thwart north wind hath power to chill,
 The greedy years mar not, nor stain ;
But from bright stems rare spirits till
By joyous sun and singing rill,
 Or near some curve of scented lane,
The elfin alchemists distil
The cup from which your laughters fill
 Our heavier air with lilting strain.

And to the flowers the summer rain,
Light pattering on the earth again,
 And after rain the sky all clear
And sunlight on the growing grain,
Like healing on some heart's dull pain,
 Or late in March, first sprays that peer,
And sweet May singing in April's train,
And buds of June and summer fain —
 Ah child! All these are not so dear!

As skies reflected in the mere
When summer winds the turrets rear
 Of castles built of cloud for stone,
As in the maiden flush of the year
Some message comes upon us here
 From summer shores and islets blown,
So in a child's soft eyes appear
Some hint of heavenly things brought near,
 Some hope or help seen there alone.

IV

Five buds of the rose,
Five pearls of the sea,
And a fair light that glows
On all buds of the rose!
Only dearer she grows
As she counts here to me:
Five buds of the rose,
Five pearls of the sea.

V

For these five years your little feet have seemed
The music in the mind of one that dreamed,
Your way a leading and your face a light,
Here where across our darkest hours of night
You came a sudden star and on us beamed.

With change and change the long slow years have
teemed;
What have they done with you as past they streamed?
Ah, you, our star, have only grown more bright
For these five years!

We think of you as of a hope that gleamed,
A faith that all life's dreariness redeemed,
For you, my tripping fairy, swift and slight,
Fulfilled of beauty's mystery and might,
Have led us from a world that delved and schemed
For these five years.

Six Years Old

Soul of the sunshine, from what sphere,
You dancing on your dainty way alone,
Do you bring news to give us cheer,
You, so unlike to all things here?
Where brighter stars than Sirius have shone,
I know, and lovelier things than lilies grown.

Soul of the West Wind, by what plain,
Starred thick with daisies, golden in the sun,
And then delicious green again
And pearled and smelling sweet from rain,
Did your celestial journey hither run,
And from what dewy morning slope begun?

Soul of the dawn-birds, from some shore
Of palms and steady sun I know you come,
Where spice-winds curl the long waves o'er
And locust scents the air still more,
By fields where all day long the bright bees hum,
I know, and plunging surfs where the gulls are dumb.

Soul of the springtide, in what flowers,
Thick set by shallow lakes along the land,
Beyond all bud or bloom of ours,
Steeped full of sun by lingering hours,
Was rocked your cradle by the wind's faint hand,
And by what magic margins did you stand?

Soul of the red-buds when the red
As sweet as roses rinds the swelling green,
Now when the lilac-blooms are spread,
And blue flags raise a peering head,
In that fair other world of yours, I ween,
No time but warm-winged spring was ever seen.

It must be so, for still there clings
About you such a savor of that clime,
In your dark eyes such hints of springs
And far-away and starry things,
Not of these ways was born your footsteps' chime,
Your loveliness, your laughter's rippling rhyme.

At Twilight

Silence—and on shaggy black oak bark
The faint last finger touch of dying red
That upward slides—a pause—and then the dark
Masters the sunset prostrate now and dead.
A green light lingers low in the weary west
And light half shadow on the high hill's breast
Slowly with turned back face retreating. Then
On woodside and the far-off haunts of men
Falls as a robe the great dim sign of rest.

The long pale lake half-hid in growing gloom
Shines, faintly sad, a wistful, questioning face ;
Most like a man's that in a darkened room,
Mourning, looks upward from a well-known place
That shall be lonely now, and wonders why,
So questions toward the unresponsive sky
This face whereon the last light barely lives,
And neither star nor hope of moonrise gives
Through rifted cloud one ray that speaks reply.

A dead leaf drifting lightly down has brushed
My face in falling, and in the dark I know
It goes to meet its foregone fellows crushed
By this swift silent frost that laid them low ;

Brown, brown and dead now—strangely veined
and cold

And all unlike the bud that tasselled gold
Up to the sunlight when the blackbird's song
Whistled across the woodlands sweet and strong
And April's firstling hopes grew strong and bold.

And something like the human straining heart
Hangs in the heavy breathing fierce suspense,
As if the whole world, sick of some dull smart,
And sick of dark and sunlight not less dense,
Yearned for a light that should be guidance,
though

Hopeless the path it lighted up should go;
For here is dusk and neither dark nor light,
And even at noon a sadness like the night,
At night a dazzling like the noontide glow.

Now when the last grey glimmering slowly fades,
Now when the conquering gloom without a star
Broods in the solemn hollows with its shades
And in faint breathings of wan night afar
The dead leaves fall and whisper bodingly,
Caught in dead grass as sere and sad to see;
How fares it now with those whose silent way,
Unknown of sun or cloud or night or day,
Threads those dim vales where all the dead hosts be?

How fares it with the souls whose vanished faces,
Dear and remembered well and seen through tears,
Haunt like old dreams the shadowy misty places
Sad with old tales of perished loves and years?

Did their light fade like this, and did such gloom
Deepen about the portals of the tomb
At nightfall, and some autumn night wind sweep
Over their faces as they passed to sleep,
Heavy like this with presages of doom?

Aye, when they passed did any thoughts of ours,
Some far-off thoughts that here to them were sweet,
Some dim reflections of old perished hours,
Keep step with them where went their stumbling
feet?
We that through tears so fain would clasp and
hold
Back from the dark the hand grown strange and
cold;
Did any bitter-sweet we knew of days
That come back never and the heart's old ways
Touch also these to tears as once of old?

I will not think of any dear soul dead
As going forth in the dark night alone,
Wandering along a dreary way unled,
Unlightened and unshod 'mid thorn and stone,
Unhailed, unheard and with no friendly hand
To press their trembling hands in that grim
land;
Nor yet that all their lustrous life of light
Changed in one moment to an unstarred night
Lonely they wander on that viewless strand.

Nor that by any solemn judgment-seat
Some great judge waits to search with wrathful
frown

Each feeble straying of their weary feet,
And where they laid their heavy burdens down,
To strike a foolish sum of wheat and tares,
Of mountings and of falling unawares,
And weigh before some flaming judgment sword
The airy balance of each unthought word
And blinded stumblings in his pits and snares.

Nay, rather when the last grey twilight paled
Across their path there was an end of pain ;
The pang of parting and the hopes that failed
Should have no torturing touch for them again ;
And griefs might come and go, there should not
dwell

In those calm eyes one tear of all that fell,
And whether life or sleep might be their part,
Freed from the weary load on brain and heart,
Not one among the dead should fare but well.

For if in some faint realm the spirit wake,
Soaring beyond the trammels of this clay,
And hear long swells of shadowy ocean break
On that far shore that knows not night or day,
There comes no shade of dark or pain or dread,
For he whose song is light and comfort shed
To scatter shadows and to banish wrong,
Shelley, the glorious son of shining song,
Walks in those fields amid the countless dead.

Shelley! And there I know can be no dark,
For if in all that land there were no light,
But just his soul upsoaring like his lark,
Midday and dawn in one would scatter night;
And where he is can be no thought of fear
Nor heart know aught of wrong nor eye of tear;
But all day long his hand and voice shall lead
Through shadowy upland or well-watered mead,
His deathless song make music in the ear.

Or if on that soft sleep at whose veiled door
We bade our dead farewell and might not say
If well or ill they should have faring more
There breaks no dawn of starlight nor of day,
So Shelley sleeps. And were his dreamless sleep
In streams that shimmer or in waves that leap,
Still were it good; ill cannot be with him,
And sleep is good, and in its shadows dim
All stricken souls find rest and none may weep.

Lo, through the clouds the great round silver moon,
Belated, breaks its sudden shining way
And past bare branches pours a flood like noon
To show each crumpled leaf and frost-bit spray
And all the aisles and pillars of the wood.
It may be in some vast strange amplitude
Such light shines ever, or a sleep may rest
As sweet as moonlight on this great hill's breast;
But sleep or light is nature's still and good.

August Sunlight

I

Stay, stay, one moment stay thy flight,
O golden pinions of the day
That wing so swiftly towards the night,
Stay!

Your steadfast waving on your way
Turns half the dark elm golden bright
And gold the ripples of the bay;

And all the world its weary blight
Of pain and gloom would lose for aye
If but thy glorious passing might
Stay.

II

In thy sweet eyes that never tears have known
A soft and dreaming retrospection lies.
What azure mystery may sleep half shown
In thy sweet eyes!

With tinkling feet the first dead leaflet flies
Where'er thy wayward golden hair is blown,
And at thy sign the last dark musing dies.

Of all the Year's bright daughters thou alone
Canst make the weary sense forget its sighs,
Until from us that limpid light has flown
 In thy sweet eyes.

III

While thus ye speed all bright dreams come and
 shine,
Dear as the tangled wild-flowers in the mead;
And yellow sleeps the sun on grass and vine
 While thus ye speed.

Before your breath, as through the withered reed
One shrivelled spear of grass may drive or twine,
Fly all the stains of darker thought and deed.

Alas, too well we know, O thou divine,
What gloomy shadows lurk like hate and greed
Beyond the ivory gates that you resign
 While thus ye speed!

A Ballade of Blue Things

I know what blue is when with stealthy paces
Reluctant down the west the night descends,
And bluer, deeper, sweeter in far spaces
The east revives as now the long day ends;
When all the blue that day-lit heaven expends
Broods in the depths of valley and ravine,
When blue bright lazy shadows eastward lean
And lingering, fain to live, the last light dies.
All these and all buds bright and blue I've seen,
But bluer, brighter still one pair of eyes.

I know what blue is when through pillared bases
The huntress Dawn her fire-tipt arrows sends,
And blue above still seas and lonely spaces
Drawn darkly down the great arch curves and bends.
I know how blue the gathering wave impends
Below its curling edge of white and green,
How bright and blue the ocean's silken sheen
When on its slumbrous breast the great noon lies
And finds his passionate heart for once serene —
But bluer, brighter still one pair of eyes.

I know what blue is when the great hill faces
The fleet-foot sun and hitherward suspends
Slowly the long blue shade that close embraces
The fainting light till light with shadow blends.

I know the blue of the violet that spends
Its beauty on the March sun cold and keen,
And all the bright or tender blues between
Fresh April and the deep November skies.
Blue is the scarf of May, the whole year's queen,
But bluer, brighter still one pair of eyes.

Lady, I know the blue of the mountain's screen,
The blue of blades, Toledan, Damascene,
The burning blue where the Adriatic sighs
And cold all other colors seem, and mean ;
But bluer, brighter still one pair of eyes !

Late Summer in the Northland

To think that silence such as this should fall
About the shadow places, dewy dim,
Whence to the dawn-rose rang my redbreast's call
And through the windy noon the oriole's hymn;
That curl of thicket by the blue lake's brim
With glossy birch leaves woven in and out,
Where every foot fell soft lest it should flout
The shrine that screened the slender quire from view!
And now the home-sick hollow cries about,
Alas, mine August, wilt thou slay me, too?

And now so still it is, so still! — and all
The leaves hang tuneless from the unstirred limb
Where some chill presence spreads an unseen pall.
No birds, no birds! I mind they used to skim,
Blue flash and brown, around the woodland's rim,
And now, but for one venturing Autumn scout,
One blast from northern horns, in panic rout,
Beguiled of sinking suns, the coward crew
Leave these derisive cranes to mock and shout,
Alas, mine August, wilt thou slay me, too?

Some ease may be to watch the feathery ball
The low waves weave where sand-reeds sway or swim,
The signs of red along the willow wall
(Touched sumach where the wild month works its
whim),

Or films of grasses burning in the drought?
Small ease! So void the golden glow without
The sun-ward songs that to the south withdrew
And left me comrade to the dark and doubt!
Alas, mine August, wilt thou slay me, too?

Where is thy heart, Red Cavalier, so stout
When warrior March came wielding sword and
knout,
Yet pipes of thine up blowing steeps sang true?
The old year sighs, twirling a frost-nipt sprout,
Alas, mine August, wilt thou slay me, too?

In a Single Gig

Sweep—sweep—sweep—
By winding shore and willowy screen,
Sweep—sweep—sweep—
Across tree-shadows grey or green,
By shelving beach of crinkling sand,
And deeps where drowsing cattle stand;
By meadow's rim, by mill-wheel's brim,
By white vine-scented cottage trim,
And where the red vine clusters peep,
Sweep—sweep—sweep—
And the strong white eddies leap
Where the broad blades run in the burning sun
With their sweep—sweep—sweep—

By mouldering pier-heads that still keep
Their watch and ward on silent streams,
By grand-dams in wide doors asleep
And dreaming who shall say what dreams,
And further in cool breaths of pine
That taste like some old-vintaged wine,
Where scarce one ray of the saffron day
Through the arch of the incense shrine makes
way,

Where the shadowy walls an echo make
 To the sweep — sweep — sweep —
And the dancing globes in my wake
Of tree-top line and gold-leaf shine
 The tinted image take.

 Sweep — sweep — sweep —
Now where great domes of cloud-land drift,
 Sweep — sweep — sweep —
Now where long shafts of sunlight shift
Through blue and white and golden brown,
Where sloping fields of the wheat come down,
Where through burnt fume of summer bloom
The slender village steeples loom
Or broken lie in the bow-wave's curl,
 Sweep — sweep — sweep —
And the face of a country girl
Round-eyed and brown from the bridge looks down
 To watch the foam-wreaths whirl.

 Sweep — sweep — sweep —
The oar rings true like a crystal bell;
 Sweep — sweep — sweep —
The rushes lisp in the tiny swell;
And the treble tinkling of the song
Up where the keen prow shears along
Keeps tune and time with the plashing chime,
Keeps note for note with the sterner rhyme
Of the grumbling gear of the sliding seat.

Sweep — sweep — sweep —
And beneath the hard-pressed feet
The ripples rise, the slim bow flies
To the song of the sliding seat.

My Dorothy

She has a voice, my Dorothy, that sounds
Just like the clear ripe note
That echoes mornings where the river rounds
By glistening thickets and wet weeded mounds
From a blue bird's piping throat.
And when she says, my Dorothy,
Why don't you make a song of me?
'T is much ado, but I shall feel
One little hand go pat-a-pat
Here on my cheek like that, and that,
Or one slight arm about me steal!

And when she smiles, my Dorothy, she makes
The sun seem twice as bright.
In Spring, I know, the wild wood-rose awakes
And some new hue the nodding flag-flower takes
If she but come in sight.
She does not walk, my Dorothy,
She dances like the banded bee
When it buzzes in the clover burrs.
For, though the dew make white the grass,
You cannot guess where her foot did pass —
The soft woof wears no print of hers!

She has brown eyes, my Dorothy, as brown,
You say, as any berry,
And crinkling dark brown hair that wavers down
And ripples all about her shapely crown,
And an arch glance, quaintly merry.
She has a way, my Dorothy,
Unlike another maid's you see.
She holds you with her little hands,
And looks and looks into your eyes,
And if she sees the mist there rise
She understands—she understands!

So grave she is, my Dorothy — so wise!
Ah yes, if I but knew
One-half the dreams of her low-lidded eyes
Or what immeasurable mystery lies
Behind their glimmering dew,
Why, all the lore of all the sages
And golden garnering of ages
Would be the scantiest wealth to mine.
For in no thought of man may be
Such light and love and verity
As in the eyes of Childhood shine!

September Passes

Now when the birches stand so straight and still,
Now when dim mists hang low and will not stir,
When mellow sunlight slumbers on the hill,
When roundly ripe each yellowing chestnut burr
Droops to the frost, that swift-foot gardener—
Now, pensive, past the wood and withered mead
Treading the brown burst pod and scattered seed
My lady paces. Strange! the stillness grows
Before her passing as a thing decreed,
Dreaming old dreams of summer and the rose.

Tears in her eyes, but not of grief or ill;
The sweet deep eyes that these alone can blur:
The browning rushes by the placid rill,
The fading tents once woven green for her,
The footsteps of dull winter's harbinger,
Dead sails of leaf furled on dead masts of reed,
Dead days whereon the living memories feed.
Look now! against the haze her figure shows
Rapt in the past, forgot her wonted speed,
Dreaming old dreams of summer and the rose.

All is not silence; far away the mill
Low by the stream grinds on with lazy purr;
Scarce heard the cicade sounds his drowsy trill,
The light wind sings and sings through the spikes
of fir,

And now with rush of wings and sudden whir,
A quail starts upward from a clump of weed.
What sweet of sight or sound shall win her heed?
Stately and slow beneath the trees she goes,
And cares not where her errant fancies lead,
Dreaming old dreams of summer and the rose.

Ho, ye that grind in the dusty mills of greed,
Harken September's soft alluring creed!

Here in the woods is balm for weary woes;
Cease yet awhile your coil of strife and deed,
Dreaming old dreams of summer and the rose.

October Comes

How red beneath his glance the maples flame
When the faithless frost comes wandering down
this way
With stealthy fingers that caress and slay,
As late last night unheard the laggard came!

But red month, sped month, month of the fading
fame,
What is this tune your dreamy trumpets play—
Of “red beneath his glance the maples flame
When the faithless frost comes wandering down
this way”?

For the oaks, wild oaks, that he has no wit to tame,
Look bitter brown against your even grey ;
Doomed and defiant, the rustling branches say,
With note of scorning, with a hint of blame,
How red beneath his glance the maples flame !

Chatterton

I

He went alone although his heart might be
Half-starved for love, half-faint from misery ;
 Singing alone with not one soul to mark,
 Watching alone when from the starry arc
Long lights brought down the heavenly harmony.
In buzzing marts that sold humanity,
Up dazzling heights on wings of rhapsody
 So far the fire he bore showed but a spark,
 He went alone.

So when from strife and lingering pain set free
He turned him weary to the silent sea,
 There was no watcher saw his little bark
 Fade from the shore into the brooding dark,
No waving hand, no cry along the lea —
 He went alone.

II

The morning lark of song too early caught,
 Just at the rose of dawn, by fate's old net
 While dew on all the flowers glistened yet —
Thy voice and soul so sweet if so distraught
 Shall we that love thee from afar forget?

Lo, when at noon the sun his will has wrought
The valley, all with breathless light o'erfraught,
Whispers, still mindful of the dawning's debt,
 The morning lark!

So we, remembering all the years have brought
Up from the singing of thy solemn thought
 With glittering fires and faint sweet sunbeams set,
 Watching thy flight with eyes the tears leave wet,
Hail thee, our soul of melody long sought,
 The morning lark!

The Wrestler

What Old World hints of jungle haunt and lair
Lie in those knots and cords and mighty thighs?
Of fox and tiger in the chill hard stare
That looks through downward brows from beady eyes?
The supple flexing sinew there that plies
In loin or biceps as he strides along
Swings like a lion's shoulder, lithe and strong.
Almost the clenched and bitter lips might show
Fangs as he turns him snarling from the throng
And bends a level scorn upon his foe.

So front to front, so glinting eye to eye,
In some dank thicket of paludal wood,
With answering roar of rage to strange hoarse cry,
Ranged with some huge gross bulk, his forebear stood
With this dry thirst a-tingle in his blood,
This drouth for combat straining to his lip.
So stood the tendons iron in his grip,
So by some sudden lunge caught in mid-girth
With swift gigantic play of arm or hip,
Throat-nipt the hairy thing tore at the earth.

Storm and torrent, bursting fire, and glare
Of rocking mountain, hiss and screech and roar,
Reek of choking jungle, fang and snare,
The thunder of vast surf on beetling shore,

Keen beak and claw behind him and before,
Burned all his blood to savor of this creed,
This faith of stealthy pace and ready deed,
That to his trembling hand gave skill to smite,
That winged his tardy feet with flying speed
And filled his ears with song of ringing fight.

The jungle stamp clings close, the brand is deep ;
The subtle chemistries of blood and brain
Some lurking sense of cave and forest keep
As captive birds some haunting note retain
Of green and dewy woodland in their strain.
To finger-tips the veins exult and yearn
To feel the joy of conflict in them burn ;
The very bones make mirth, the heart upswells,
As all the surging streams of life return,
And its fierce throbbing is as sound of bells.

To lay the mastered foeman at my feet,
To strive with straining sinews and to find
The clutched or hard-won laurel smelling sweet .
That once about his laboring brows had twined
And wear it for some chance of brawn or mind ;
To set all store upon this hollow aim,
This curl of leaves, this little wreath of fame —
So strange it is and weird : when well I know
This kin to jungle things of strength or shame
Here in this heart of me mine only foe.

The Dance of Youth

Now aged Autumn, withered grown and lean,
Lowers as he tombward takes his laggard way,
And darkens with his gloomy wings half-seen
The crowded streets, with phantoms dull and grey,
The sordid mart where madmen roar and bray,
And busy haunts where men and women seem
(Bent on their fruitless quest day after day)
The sad and dreary shadows of a dream.

Youth minds him little; youth whose joyous mien
And flying feet no wit may guide or stay.
Youth hath small heed of all the grievous teen,
The crowded streets with phantoms dull and grey,
The seamed and battered faces, once all gay.
Careless he drifts along the swirling stream
That seeks a sea that hath no ship nor bay,
But sad and dreary shadows of a dream.

And Winter, grimly bidding, whets more keen
The sickle that all months and years shall slay.
The leaves that flutter down (now sere, once green)
The crowded streets with phantoms dull and grey
Danced, yea, like youth in their own joyous May.
A slant of wind, a sorrowful last gleam —
Lo, with their fellows on the trodden clay
The sad and dreary shadows of a dream.

Take note, O youth, these scenes where puppets play,
The crowded streets with phantoms dull and grey.
What hope when thou shalt all these pleasures deem
The sad and dreary shadows of a dream?

Mediterranean Memories

I

Old suns come back, but none for me like those
Whose golden glory flamed the mid-sea's track
The while we breathless watched, through blue and
 rose,
Old suns come back.

No splendor like the drift of crimson wrack,
Fire-edged and caught about with stainless snows
And purple barred above the ocean's black.

But memory has her pictures ; sunset glows
Revive the faces that the dull days lack ;
And now, like some high song that swells and grows,
Old suns come back.

II

What if there were no roses on the earth ?
So would life be without the saving grace
To live again some day of rarer worth,
Of bluer sky and unforgotten face,
And, dreaming still, its sunnier ways retrace
Till all its roses bloom on duller hours
And all the dun street glows a lane of flowers.

Old days, old scenes, old visions of the sun
Behind the purple palaces of Night,
The stars above night's triumph slowly won,
The great seas green, and brooding blue, and
white —
Ah, shadows of those warm days' fleet-winged
flight!
The road across the gorgeous midland sea
Seems now the rose of all fair memory!

To Theodore Thomas

I

Another Prospero you would have seemed
To him that sounded all the vital deeps,
As you of music. On the heights he keeps
You have stood often, and of dreams he dreamed,
In whose wide web of myriad colors gleamed
The threads of all whereat the heart upheaps,
The seeds of all whereof it joys or weeps,
Some glories on your vision, too, have beamed.

His magic shows us hearts, as yours reveals
The multitudinous mysteries of tone
Veiled in responseless silence as the stone
The faultless form of loveliness conceals,
Till at your sign the soul within forth steals
As Beauty from the Paphian wave, full blown.

II

It is not only that before our eyes
Like Prospero, like him whose witchcraft made
All seasons come at once with light and shade,
You make the airy towers of dreamland rise,
Or through a pearly gate of Paradise

Disclose the flowers of song that never fade,
Aglow with subtle sunlight silver rayed,
And all the gleaming world that round them lies;
But that from out these fabrics of your weaving
As from a Sinai speak the souls of seers
Such mighty messages that whoso hears,
With burning eyes aloft and bosom heaving,
For that pure joy unmixed with mortal grieving
Feels close about his heart the touch of tears.

Sunset

With shapely head sunk to her knees, and hair
 Flung loose or through her slender fingers flowing,
 Bronze - red or like -red stems in March winds
 blowing,
Here like a flame of fire and yellower where
The flying strands make gold the stricken air,
 With all her robe ripe red about her glowing,
 And all her beauty slowly fainter growing—
So sits she bowed, unutterably fair.

And lovely as she is with eyes that shine
 Above the cloud and dusk and mystery,
And pensive wistful face like this of thine
 That moves all men to strange bright tears that
 see —
Of Change, the great blind god, this is the sign,
 And but a sad wild song of parting she.

On the Hill at Pegli

When dawn comes back from the fresh sea foam
The olives whisper and the great pines sing,
And past green glades on a glistening wing
A Shelley's lark soars up the dome.

Then all dear things that on the hill have home
Take up with glee the carolling;
For when dawn comes back from the fresh sea
foam
The olives whisper and the great pines sing.

So to the chanson where the sun has clomb,
Weaving and warbling round a ring,
A great throng foots it with flout and fling,
Nixey and Pixey, nymph and gnome,
When dawn comes back from the fresh sea foam.

The Old Castle at Sion

Where are they of busy hand and brain
Who for ends as dear in their own day
Wrought as we with ceaseless toil and pain :
Where are they ?

Life held forth such fruit and took away,
Bitter sweet and full of joy, and vain,
Bright and sad and dear and dull and grey.

Tower and pyramid and sun-kissed fane —
Tales that all the days to come should say,
Strife and stress and bloody loss and gain,
Where are they ?

At Kandersteg

At Kandersteg the mists are blue,
A purple burns them through and through ;
The streams are like a floss fine-spun
In some strange weaving of the sun,
And all the thickets bright with dew.

The silent valleys, green of hue,
Between red rocks wind lost to view,
As heavenward they seem to run,
At Kandersteg.

It is as if some great god drew
His freshest colors out anew
To make all marvels he had done
Seem poor, all other glories won
Seem earth to gems his swift streams strew
At Kandersteg.

Fire Island Sands

Here where the sea piles up the sullen sand,
Here where the wind's weird fingers pause to write
The runes and rhymes no man shall understand,
Black with decay and with striped sea-salt white,
This end she hath of all her promise bright.
She shouts no challenge now to any sea ;
No ivory towers nor singing strands hath she,
She hears no tunes when great waves rise and fall
Nor tinkling clash to windward nor to lee—
The restless wind and wheeling bird are all.

Note now this work, well-wrought of laboring hand,
This thing wherein the craftsman took delight,
The cunning skill of married beam and band,
The broad fair pinions stretched for her far flight,
Spar webbed on spar to this sun-daring height—
Was all this beauty and this majesty
Wrought with sore care and toil that she might be
A hollow hulk where through the breakers call,
Sad with the livid sea's dumb mystery :
The restless wind and wheeling bird are all?

She hath shone proudly past the golden strand,
By tropic isles, across the gleaming night,
Past crowded piers, by leagues of fair green land,
Winging a dauntless way in the storm's despite,

Keen like a warrior leaping forth to fight,
Hearing the West Wind's trumpets with fierce
glee

When petrels scatter and the torn clouds flee,—
And now enchained, a broken, wasted thrall
To whose unvisited captivity
The restless wind and wheeling bird are all.

Ah, yet, good youth, thy bark goes merrily
By sunny shores with sweet winds fair and free ;
Thou wilt not heed what hoarse-voiced breakers
bawl,
Inevitable alike for this and thee,
The restless wind and wheeling bird are all.

Dance of the Autumn Leaves

(Allegro con brio from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.)

Ho ! for sheaf time !

Ho ! for leaf time !

Flying merrily, dancing airily, rustling cheerily,
round they go ;

Brooks are stilled with them, air is thrilled with
them, hollows filled with them, to and fro.

Ah, the tunes of them ! hills and dunes of them, with
songs and croons of them, ring and ring ;

The whole dun daytime is but their playtime, dearer
than Maytime to fly and sing.

Flying airily, dancing merrily, rustling cheerily,
round and round,

Hills are red with them, fields are spread with them,
hear the tread of them ! fairy sound !

In wild winds whirling, swinging and swirling,
through bare boughs hurling, up they go !

Brooks are stilled with them, air is thrilled with
them, hollows filled with them, to and fro.

Here they gather and there they rattle,

With joyous shout and ring of battle.

Whisk !

And up and down the dreaming dale in sport they 're
blown !

Here they gather and there they scatter,

With cry of glee and noisy clatter :

Whisk ! Whisk ! Whisk !

And round and round the yellow plain afar they've
flown!

Winds that sweeping up banks still keeping the red
haws peeping here and there,
Keen and smiting, through brown bents fighting,
with red leaves lighting the leaden air,
Wake from trances to merrier dances than in the
glances of summer noons,
O'er hill and hollow, swift as a swallow, the nixies
follow at a fairy's tunes.

Cloud-like they fly through the stubble and spears
of old grasses;
Earth is the richer of garb for the cloud when it
passes.

Gold and jewels, silks and satins, bands and banners,
reds and yellows—
Robes were never shown so splendid as these wind
about their fellows.
Leaves of Autumn! Ah, my playmates! Dance
about me once again!
You that dancing and singing and glancing never
think to hear of pain!

On a South Dakota Farm in March

CONCERTO

Allegro

The West Wind takes his wide-mouthed horn
And blows and blows till from its throat
Come mellow chords of the crystal morn,
Come surging strain and a haunting note.
Round and round goes the singing sound
From the blue-bell sky to the humming ground,
Of sun, sun, wind and sun,
For down the world the springtides run,
And frost is fled and sprays show red
And the bitter days of the snows are dead.

In the shocks of corn a long fine strain
As if on airy viols made
Comes welling up and faints again
Till oboes in the brown weeds played,
Or brimming stream, take up the theme
Of boundless plain and golden gleam,
Of wind, wind, sun and wind!
For the cold is spent and the clouds are thinned,
Now frost is fled and sunrise red
And the grey old ghost of the winter dead.

So note by note soars up the tune,
Through stubble field, through fringing brush,
With hints of April and hopes of June,
Sonorous chantings and solemn hush.

The trumps breathe low, the clarions blow,
As up the sky the crimsons grow,
Of sun, sun, the wind and the sun;
Lo, these are the glories great March hath won,
Now frost is fled and buds look red
And the long dull night of the year is sped.

The strain makes pause, the reeds are mute,
And a meadow-lark from a furrow near,
A soul upborne on the song of a flute,
Pours out his rapture, faint but clear,
And the West Wind lets his great horn slip
And listens, finger slant on lip.

*Brown, brown, gold and brown,
Woven close where the fields run down,
Warp and woof of the mad month's gown
For all her purples are gold and brown.*

*Gold, gold, blue and gold:
These are the colors that the snow foretold.
The soul of Spring in the streams of old
Made love to her image in blue and gold.*

The prairie-chickens wheel and whirl,
Brown and bright in the slant sun's ray;
The sap in the cotton-wood 's a-stir,
The creek goes tinkling the live-long day;
So wild wings thrum an elfin drum,
And gleeful sounds the wind-mill's hum,

For the corn, the corn, the sun on the corn,
 And the scent of summer on the long winds borne;
 Now frost is fled and from southland led
 The breast of the robin glimmers red.

And attuned to all with its tiny tone,
 Some dainty hand on its trembling strings,
 A last year's alder, left alone,
 As on a harp adagio rings;
 The horns reply from the faultless sky
 As down dun fields the measures fly.
 For oh, oh, the corn in the sun!
 Blow loud for the things the earth hath done
 Since frost is fled and the winter dead
 And the grass up many a hollow makes head.

Soon as these cease the lark resumes
 Its liquid warble, keen and strong,
 Of coming clover and wild-rose blooms,
 Sun and wind and cloud in a song,
 And a hush spreads on the glistening plain
 To hear him carol loud again:

Blue, blue, gold and blue!
And what are these when the leaves come new?
Green and gold are the colors true
When the corn flags drip with the August dew.

Green, green, gold and green,
And dark red corn-silk in between.
When the waves of the yellow wheat are seen
Who thinks what the colors of March may mean?

For all the music of the wind —

Green, green, gold and green;

For all the glories by trumpets dinned —

Who thinks what the colors of March may mean?

NOTES

Notes

Page 12. *Graubünden : Sonata*.—Of the form here attempted it may be permissible to explain that the basic purpose, whether achieved or otherwise, whether well or ill advised, is at least in line with the convergence of music and poetry that has been one of the features of modern development in two arts at heart one. The model chosen in this effort is chiefly the early or classical symphony, called here a sonata because it seems necessarily played upon one instrument. Literally to have carried out the plan would have required that the movements be printed without stanzaic divisions, for while the classical symphonies are written in rhymes there are ordinarily few stanzaic demarcations discernible to the listener. But to print long movements of verse without the rests that the stanza affords would be to offend and weary the eye, which must be the reporter and messenger to the inner sense of sound so much finer and surer than physical ear. Hence, the stanza, though it may seem to do some violence to the original model.

Possibly musicians, if any of them honor me with their attention, may find some interest in following the scheme of experiment, even though to do so is no aid in determining its value. I may be pardoned, then, for saying that to the experimenter the adagio movement (the second) seemed as fair an example of the attempt to transpose the sonata form into verse as his small skill would permit, and that the structural plan therein is as follows: The first

stanza announces the first theme. Then follows a development group of two stanzas leading to the episode in stanza four. The first theme is repeated in stanza five, and the next development group leads to the second theme in stanza ten. The material of the second theme—Force and Time—is then worked out to the eighteenth stanza, when there is a recapitulation of the first theme and a stanza as a coda.

The first movement follows less rigidly the sonata form, and the third is intended to exemplify in verse something of the freedom of the ordinary scherzo. The rondo form with which the experiment ends, here and elsewhere in this volume, is not only the classical ending of a sonata but peculiarly appropriate for any attempt of this character, since it was originally merely the musical setting of the old French poetic form of the rondeau, here followed. The rondo having far outgrown its progenitor, an attempt is here made to bring the movement to proportion by inserting two rondeaus. If the effort serves to draw the slightest attention to the rich field of investigation that lies about the intimate relations between musical and poetic forms, I shall be quite content to have it thought a failure in other respects.

Graubünden, the eastern canton of Switzerland, is celebrated for the beauty of its scenery, the independent spirit of its people, the loveliness of its flowers, and the sweetness of its honey. It was once a province of the empire, and heavily oppressed by the barons, whose ruined castles are still conspicuous along its sweet valleys. In 1424 the people along the Vorder Rhine wearied of the tyranny of their masters, and coming together one night at a historical spot near Truns, they suddenly attacked the castles with such fury that before morning the surviving

barons were in full flight for the border. And they never came back—they never came back! From that night the people of the valley have been free. The uprising spread, the whole province revolted, the heroic struggle, one of the most inspiring in history, lasted for years. It ended in two great battles in which the imperial power was crushed, and Graubünden became independent. For three hundred years it existed as a little communal republic, with one of the most democratic and therefore successful forms of government ever devised. In 1803, of its own motion, it joined the Swiss Confederation, with which it had long been closely affiliated. There are no more loyal Swiss than the Graubündners, who, with the rest of those most interesting people, afford notable testimony to the power of democratic institutions to further the happiness and advancement of mankind.

Page 30. *Volkman's Serenade in D minor*.—Robert Volkman, born 1815, in Saxony; died October 30, 1883. The D minor serenade is his third.

Page 38. *Della Bella Simonetta*.—Of this beautiful woman, the light of Botticelli's life, only too little is known. She was the wife of a wealthy nobleman of Florence. She was extremely talented and witty; she was a patron of art and the friend of artists; she died very young of some mysterious cause; her lovely and wistful face looks out at us from a score of the master's canvases. Beyond this we know almost nothing, whatever romance may feign of the matter, though it is obvious that she was as much the inspiration to Botticelli as Beatrice was to Dante. Except for the marvelous eyes, the portrait in the Pitti is incomparable with her portrait in Berlin, but the eyes of the Pitti face suffice; they haunt every beholder. Some notion of

the surpassing loveliness of this fair lady may be gained from contemplating a Botticelli Madonna, the Primavera, or the Birth of Venus, for she reappears in all these.

The fact that he was actively concerned in the revolt of Savonarolla is often conveniently overlooked by the biographers of Botticelli. But a man of his high aspiring soul could hardly endure without a protest the enslaving of Florence.

Page 51. *Pegli, Sonata*.—Free use is made in the allegro vivace of the third movement of the rhythms of a well-known classical composition. Otherwise this second attempt to realize in verse the sonata form of music will need no comment. I may be forgiven, however, if I point out here that as a general principle of which I have tried to avail myself the trochaic is essentially a slower foot than the iambic, and the anapest a faster. It may be believed that in the final adjustment of musical and poetic forms the normal tempi of these feet will be more distinctly fixed than hitherto they have been, with the result of a permanent gain to the materials of poetry. I would the tribute here were fitter of the most beautiful of all the beautiful towns of Italy, but such as it is it is given with a full heart.

THE END.

PRINTED BY R. R. DONNELLEY
AND SONS COMPANY, AT THE
LAKESIDE PRESS, CHICAGO, ILL.

